

# DODGE CITY TIMES.

SEVENTH YEAR.

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## ST. JOHN FOR PRESIDENT.

The New York Witness comes out in an editorial favoring Governor St. John for President of the United States. This is too much. The Governor covers the territory of Kansas only fairly. As a Presidential candidate he couldn't spread, and we would be mortified with a spectacle similar to that which adorned Greeley's kite when Gratz Brown figured as the tail.

Gov. St. John has proved a successful State politician, and by his artful means has succeeded in securing a majority of the people to his side. With his shrewd tactics and suavity of manners he is likely to be Governor for two years more. This thing we cannot help. The opposition to St. John is divided. St. John and his friends are united. In unity there is strength, and this is St. John's firm hold. A party by the name of Johnson split himself wide open a few weeks ago by "out-heroding Herod"—he tumbled his availability overboard. A man who hasn't political sagacity to begin with, isn't fit to be Governor. We feel sorry for Johnson. He was a young man full of promise. But he is a demagogue of the weakest sort. He hasn't now even the respect of the anti-prohibitionists.

Gov. St. John proposes to let Dodge City enjoy her peculiarities. So long as the Governor doesn't tread upon our coat-tails we do not intend tramping upon his toes. We don't believe the Governor is such a bad fellow after all.

## WHAT OF THE CORN?

The wheat harvest has been a bountiful one, as far as gathered, and the indications in the most northern sections of the country are that the grain will prove an immense yield. There is considerable doubt in regard to corn. The season has been so exceptionally cool, that farmers feel much anxiety as to this grain. The uncertainty about the corn crop and the effect of a poor crop are discussed in a late issue of the Wall Street News [July 8.] and as that paper is right in the midst of the bulls and bears of that busy New York thoroughfare, it, presumably, speaks by the card. It says:

The temper of the street is undeniably bullish, while the general facts of the present commercial and agricultural situation are of a nature to inspire great caution. The crops may turn out all right, but at this time we can only indicate an uncertainty. The great anxiety is the corn crop. The importance of this crop to certain of our most important railroad systems was indicated by the brief table we published yesterday, showing how great was the amount of this cereal they carried into Chicago. A shortage in corn would be simply disastrous, following the severe shortage of last year. Therefore it is of the utmost importance to watch the progress of this crop. If it continues to improve—and it is now very much in need of improvement—we may feel reasonably assured that the interrupted march of national prosperity will be resumed. If it be a failure, no other crop, nor all that Wall Street can do, will save the stock market from going to pieces. At this time railroad traffic is at the lowest ebb. One has only to glance at the monthly and weekly reports of earnings to see this. Literally, there is not enough traffic, as President Roberts puts it, to pay the cost of transportation. But this may be the lowest point reached by the outrunning tide, and the next will be the turn, coming with the gathering in of the crops. Under the best of circumstances there is need of close discrimination and caution; for it is as evident as the sun at noonday that not a few stocks are now quoted on the Exchange at their full worth, if the half year before us is to be as prosperous as the last half of 1880 was.

Wool buyers are in West Las Animas. The Leader says:  
E. M. Mills & Son of Emporia, Kansas, and G. H. Wadsworth of Larned, Kansas, wool buyers, are in the city. They have so far bought but two lots of wool—that of G. M. Woodworth, 21,000 pounds, and Bynaldeen Bros., 6,900 pounds. Prices paid range from thirteen to twenty-one cents.

## LEDFORD'S LEAGUE.

Early settlers remember Ledford, the chief of a gang of horse thieves, counterfeiter and desperadoes that traversed the wild regions of Kansas, the Indian Territory and the Panhandle. Jack Bridges, City Marshal of Dodge City, at that time was Deputy U. S. Marshal. He caused the breaking up and arrest of the gang, and in the capture of Ledford a desperate encounter took place. Prof. Price, a frontier bard, does the history of Ledford in verse. Probably that portion that refers to City Marshal Bridges may be of interest to our citizens. We make extracts concerning Ledford, as follows:

'Tis half-a-score of years ago  
Since Ledford fell before his foe—  
His face is still remembered well;  
And thrilling tales the settlers tell  
Of his bold deeds, and plundering band  
O'er savage beast and wolfish man.

He was a man of daring deed;  
And smooth of tongue; in manner mild;  
No soul as well prepared to lead  
Marauders of the prairie wild.  
But generous at times, and brave,  
He interposed his stern command,  
And turned aside the murderous hand,  
And aid to needy settler gave.

'Twas not the love of cruel act,  
Nor greed that loved ill-gotten gain,  
That made him outlaw of the plain;  
Things such as these could ne'er attract.

The nation's scout, he was renowned;  
Intrepid, brave, excelled by none.  
Familiar things were wounds to him  
Who bore their scars on every limb.

A cavern wild, to few revealed,  
Dense thickets deep within the shore.  
The robbers' rendezvous concealed  
Who to its shades their plunder bore.

They hid them here the foe to foil,  
'Twas here they met for midnight raid;  
Here gathered to divide the spoil;  
Here died the traitor who betrayed.

A counterfeiter from the north,  
Dispensed queer coins at Leavenworth.  
Discovered, men were on his track—  
Had thrice escaped from prison cell;  
Pursuit was foiled—foes turned them back.  
And he 'mid scenes remote would dwell.

But something in his wavering eye  
Had not been passed unheeded by.  
There were dread signs that boded ill—  
Signs terrible 'mong men who kill!

Amid such joys as Ledford knew,  
He learned to love the good, the true.  
A few short weeks of wedded life—  
O, happy weeks! O, happy wife!  
Still one destroying trait was kept;  
Down deep within his bosom slept  
A hatred cruel as the grave—  
One injury he ne'er forgave.  
He vowed—and 'twas no idle threat,  
"When I shall see the knave, he dies!"  
I'll shoot Jack Bridges 'twist the eyes!"  
Nor was he known to e'er forget.

Then Bridges learned of Ledford's vow,  
Serving as minion of the law.  
How long he sped to Wichita,  
Alert for vengeance—Ledford's life:  
And burned to meet his foe in strife.

A comrade to the valley came—  
Perfecting plans—a deadly game—  
For, well might Bridges fear to call  
His whilome chief to deadly brawl;  
Their past adventures served to tell  
His foeman's prowess all to well.  
And now he sought, well armed, to lay  
In ambush for his wily prey.

A troop of cavalry to aid,  
Lay close concealed within the shade  
Of sombre grove of cottonwood.  
That by the river's margin stood.

The spies thought Ledford from the town,  
And strolled, suspecting not the foe.  
The way turned suddenly—when, lo!  
They met his fierce menacing brow.  
The flames of malice ne'er abate,  
O'er unforgetten deed of hate—  
No wrath like that of former friends;  
Only in death their hatred ends.

The unarmed Ledford sprang away,  
Then faced his foe, and stood at bay  
Behind a friendly sheltering shed.  
Prepared to close in combat dead.

A friendly hand threw weapons there—  
Firm clasped, they smelt—when, from his hair

The outlaw sprang as Bridges fell,  
Whose comrade swift avenged his fall;  
And sent the hotly spinning ball.  
Aimed too unerringly and well—  
To find a lodgment in his breast;  
Another shot—a shattered wrist!

The bandit over Bridges stood,  
All crimsoned o'er with streaming blood,  
And while the earth life's current drank,  
Doomed Ledford's falling weapon sank  
Impotent o'er his prostrate foe.  
Scarce injured yet—though fallen low,  
And simulating death, he lay.  
While faint his foeman turned away.

His quivering limbs could illly bear  
The outlaw's form beyond the spot,  
Where friendly hands bestowed their care.  
But death had winged the fatal shot—  
He knew the messenger was nigh;  
Then e'er he closed for aye his eye:  
'Speak, have I killed him?' "No," they said  
And then—the bandit chief was dead.

## ST. JOHN.

Governor St. John has carried the delegates in Leavenworth county. The vote stood 25 to 17. There is much rejoicing over this unexpected event. The friends of the Governor claim that he will be nominated by a large majority.

As we stated a few weeks ago the nomination of St. John was conceded, and the issue in the contest would be made on election of candidates for the Legislature. It is claimed that Gov. St. John's nomination means an election. In the light of past events this seems probable. We believe the proper course for the anti-prohibitionists to pursue is to make a struggle for the control of the Legislature. Yet this seems hopeless. The country districts are solid for prohibition. The prohibitory law will probably undergo some changes, and greater restrictions or penalties be added; but, unless the law is put into the hands of the State force, the enforcement of the law cannot be made, only in communities where a majority of the people favor it.

H. McGarry, for two years Principal of the Dodge City Public Schools, is a candidate for County Attorney of McPherson county. We are glad to learn that he has pretty good chances for a nomination. Mac is a fine scholar, an experienced lawyer and clever gentleman, and he will fill the office, if elected, with ability and satisfaction to his constituents. He is a pronounced prohibitionist, and cannot fail receiving the support of the majority of McPherson county. He has our best wishes for success.

Col. Jacob Bowman and son, Sam Bowman, E. W. and H. J. Lowrey, N. J. Krusen and R. C. Welch, of Larned, were in the city this week, stopping at the Dodge House. They have located a stock ranch on the head of the Smoky river, and were in the city for the purpose of buying cattle. In conversation with Col. Bowman, he expressed the opinion that the price of cattle would hold good for two years yet, owing to the poor prospects of corn in the Western states.

William George Brown killed Fred Meyer, a butcher, in Las Vegas, on the 10th inst. Brown had stolen a steer from Meyer, and was held for prosecution. Brown formerly lived in Dodge City. He was sentenced by the District Court to the penitentiary for a term of three years, charged with stealing corn in company of one Sebastian. He was sentenced to that batch of convicts during the term of court in the winter of 1878-9.

J. Christ lives near Peabody. He had a field of wheat last spring which he thought wouldn't raise any wheat worth speaking of, but when he threshed 200 bushels from it the other day, he was agreeably disappointed.

Mrs. Lincoln, wife of Abraham Lincoln died at Springfield, Ill., on the 16th inst.